

THE



WISDOM

"BE THOU THE FIRST, OUR EFFORTS TO BEFRIEND,—HIS PRAISE IS LOST, WHO STAYS 'TILL ALL COMMEND."

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 25, 1804.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE PROMPTER.

Commentary on Common Sayings," &c.

From the Numbers never before Published.

And, I thank thee, that I am not as other men."
LUKE, xviii. 11.

WHAT a consoling reflection it is to man, that *HE* is not like *other men*; as it was in the original, "the rest of *him*." He imbibes in youth, and cherishes age, the flattering opinion, that his education has been more correct—that his manners are most improved; and by these he acquired a superior excellence of character, which enables him to look down upon his neighbors.—There is scarcely a circumstance or an event in life, which does not wish a man with food to nourish this self-ery. Is he born in London—he attaches the portion of the grandeur of the city to character; and whether he rambles into country, or travels abroad, he never fails at his audience know he is a Londoner. calls at a tavern; but nothing pleases; the meat is ill-roasted—the coffee is bad—the beds are dirty—nothing is like London.

Just so the young knights of the counter, first they are set free from the authority of their masters.—As I stopped at a country-inn, the other day, the stage drove the door, with half a dozen smooth-faced gentlemen from town. No sooner had they opened the door, than one called for a fly-sling, another for broiled chickens, a third for coffee, a fourth for eggs, a fifth for a steak, and a sixth for a mutton chop—each wanted two servants and two rooms—The least delay put them in a passion, and they fell to damning the landlord every thing in his house! When supper came, one threw down his knife and fork. "What's the matter?" "Matter, why the steak is too much—it is not fit for the dogs." Another squeamishly sipped a little coffee from the brim of the cup, and dashed it down his pet—"Blast the mud and water stuff. Thank God we don't live so in town." A sample of refinement this, very inconvenient

to landlords, but, if possible, more troublesome to the possessors. Self-flattery is a rich source of pleasure, when a man has no interruptions to the enjoyment of it; but is very vexatious when disturbed by the frowns and crosses of a crabbed world. To be satisfied with himself, is the part of an honest man; but not to appear dissatisfied with others, is the part of a wise one.

Remarkable is the effect of education, in attaching men to particular systems of opinion or creeds. The Quaker dislikes the worship of the Episcopalian, for its forms, its show, and its music—The Episcopalian laughs at the prejudices of the Quaker, who places religion in divine light, who worships God in silence, and who thinks it his duty to wear a flapped hat and a plain coat. "I thank God that I am not as other men," says the long-faced puritan—"I have rejected the idolatry of the catholics—the formal prayers and ostentatious ceremonies of the Episcopalians, and the heretical tenets and trifling oddities of the Quakers." No prejudices are so stubborn as those which are formed early, and confirmed by the confident opinion that the possessors are the favorites of heaven.

"One thinks on Calvin heaven's own spirit fell,
"Another deems him instrument of hell."

"What a vile monster is Lorenzo, who thinks a limited monarchy the best government," said Democritus. "What a mob-riding scoundrel is that Democritus," said Lorenzo, who was railing at popular government. "What a narrow escape have we had from the despotism of a monarchy," says a democrat, upon the downfall of the federalists. "I thank God I am not a democrat," says a friend of the old administration.

THE ECCENTRIC MAN.

-----IN one of these excursions through a wood, he fell in with a man, whose singular appearance attracted his attention. He was sitting on the ground, at the bottom of a beech-tree, eating a crust of bread, which he shared bit by bit with his dog. His dress betrayed the utmost poverty; but his countenance exhibited every symptom of cheer-

fulness. The major saluted him as he rode past, and the man pulled off his hat.

"Do you see?" said he to his dog, laughing and caressing him.

"What should the dog see?" asked the major, whose curiosity was much excited by the man's happy looks.

The stranger laughed.

"Ay," said the man in a humorous tone, "I wish to make the dog take notice of your civility. It is so uncommon for a well dressed person on horseback, and an officer besides, to lift his cap or hat to a tattered foot-passenger like me."

"Who are you then?" said the major to the man, looking at him attentively.

"A child of fortune."

"A child of fortune!—You mistake, without doubt, for your coat seems to speak otherwise."

"My coat is in the right, sir. But as I can joke in this coat, the only one I have, it is of as much value to me as a new one, even if it had a star upon it."

"If what you say does not proceed from a disordered mind, you are in the right, countryman."

"A disordered mind, or a light mind, is some times a gift from God, at least for children of fortune belonging to my cast.—My fate once hung heavy on my mind like lead; but care now passes through it as the wind does through my coat; and if that be the fault, it makes up for a great deal of misfortune."

"But whence did you come, and whither are you going?"

"That question is difficult to be answered, sir. I came from my cradle; and I am going strait forwards to my grave. With these two stages of life I am acquainted. In a word, I am endeavoring to soften my fate; but I must have in me something very engaging, for my dog and my destiny remain faithful to me, and my shadow also; but, like a false friend, only when the sun smiles. You shake your head, sir, as if you meant to say that I have made choice of bad company. I thought so at first; but there is nothing so bad as not to be useful sometimes. My destiny has made me humble, and taught me what I did not before."

that one cannot unhinge the world. My dog has taught me that there is still love and fidelity in it; and * * * * You cannot imagine what fine things one can talk with, and respecting one's shadow!"

"Respecting one's shadow! That I do not comprehend."

"You shall hear, sir. At sun-rise in the morning, when I am walking behind my long towering shadow, what conversation I hold with it on philosophical subjects;—"Look," say I, "dear shadow, art thou not like a youth to whom, when the sun of life is rising, the earth seems too small? Just when I lift a leg, thou liftest another, as if thou wouldest step over ten acres at once; and yet, when thou puttest down thy leg, thy step is scarcely a span long. So fares it with the youth. He seems as if he would destroy or create a world; and yet, in the end, he does none of those things which might have been expected from his discourse. Let the sun now rise higher, and thou wilt become smaller, as the youth boasts less, the older he grows." Thus I compare, you see, the morning, noon, and evening shadow, with a hundred things: and the longer we walk together, the better we get acquainted. At present I can forego many things which I formerly considered as indispensable necessities. The shadow is my watch and my pedrometer—and sometimes my footman. It is only a pity that a man cannot exist in this shadow, as his shadow exists in him."

"Well, and what do you say in the evening to your shadow?"

"In the evening, a man's shadow is a very serious thing—the best moralist—a real hour glass—a true *memento mori*. When the shadow runs forward before one, still becoming longer and less visible, as if already hiding its head in the darkness of eternity, while behind one is the setting sun, and before one is a rising star—the shadow then seems to say, "Thou art on the brink of eternity; the sun is going down: but lose not courage; like me thou wilt become always greater, and before thee is already suspended a better star, the first ray of eternity beyond the grave."

With these words the man became serious, and the major also. Both looked at each other in silence for a few seconds, though with calmness and tranquility.

"But how has it happened," said the major, "that you now wander about through the world, with your dog and your shadow? Methinks, countryman, you were destined for something better."

"Man is always destined for something better," replied the stranger, "than he in the end really is. Or, do you believe that you could not be better than you are? Destined to something better! You do not know how good or bad my situation may be. If indeed you mean a better coat or a better

dinner, I allow you are right: though whole nations exist on the earth, and are fortunate, who would envy me this coat and this crust of bread. I am a man of letters, sir. But as I had not prudence equal to my learning, or rather possessed too little of the qualities of the flatterer, you now find me here in this coat. You might as easily have found me in a carriage; and I do not comprehend why that was not the case; for very little was wanting to have brought matters that length. You look, sir, as if you were interested in the events of my life. They may be related in a few words. I have applied to study, and I flatter myself not without success.—

There is one thing, however, which I never learnt; and that is to jest and be serious at proper seasons. If I beheld an act of villainy, it was impossible for me to laugh, had it been committed even by a president.— Sometimes again, when those people, in whose hands my fortune was deposited, appeared as serious as if the welfare of the world depended on them, and began to talk of their mighty inventions, a word amended, a reading corrected in an old book, or any thing of the like kind, I instantly thought of my shadow and could not help laughing. Notwithstanding my laughter, I might have obtained a place: but I should have been obliged to marry some girl I did not love; to deny some principle which I considered as true; or, to flatter some lady unworthy of my notice. At that time I was like my morning shadow. I imagined I should never be in want, and that I could overleap every obstacle. My hopes were disappointed. I have nothing left but this flute [here he took one from his pocket] and this dog whom I bred up to be my friend. I was a player and almost lost my morals in the theatre, which ought to be a temple of morality. I then established a school; but I was soon obliged to abandon it, as the parents wished that I should make their children blockheads. I now endeavor to get a livelihood, God knows how! sometimes as a player on the oboe; sometimes as a fencing or dancing-master; and when nothing else will do, even as a thresher. I have two hands, and am ashamed of nothing but cheating or begging, neither of which with me would succeed."

ON FREEDOM.

WHATEVER is our poverty, there is something cheering in the faintest smile of FREEDOM. Such is the structure of our mind, that we can more easily reconcile a blow when we possess the power to *resent* it: but when cruelty strikes, and expects submission from the negro, it is but taking a scoundrel-like advantage; and if it is any thing that makes revenge one of the properties of the slave—it is this.

A good reputation is a magnificent tombstone

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE HIVE."

SIR,

BEING desirous to become a member of the School of Love, I transmit to you a solution of the first question proposed in the 39th number of 'The Hive,' together with two new questions. As to the second question proposed in the same number, I think it can only be solved by one whose opinion respecting it, *experience* may have confirmed.

MATILDA

SCHOOL OF LOVE.

Question I.—"Why are old maids generally peevish and ill-natured?"

Solution.

The only reason I can give for old maids being generally peevish, and consequently ill-natured, is, that having foolishly let the opportunities they may have had of becoming WIVES, they are forever (when all hopes of another opportunity past) fretting on account of their unfortunate omission.

NEW QUESTIONS.

I. "I shall be fourteen, dear Mr. Editor, before the end of summer, and to my great shame I am not married yet:—I vow and protest is a shame. That's my opinion of the matter. Pray, what is your, or your correspondent's opinion?"

II. "My bosom friend, Isabella, has dashed away a lover from me. May I attempt to cheat upon her?"

Banks of Codorus, 1804.

M O R A L I S T.

[Selected for THE HIVE, from Sturm's Reflections.]

SPRING.

HOPE OF SPRING.

"Stern WINTER hence with all his train
"And cheerful skies and limpid streams are
"Thick sprouting foliage decorates the ground
"Reviving herbage clothes the fields with green
"Yet lovelier scenes the approaching months prepare
"Kind SPRING's full bounty soon will be displayed
"The smile of beauty every vale shall wear
"The voice of song enliven every shade."

EVERY day brings us nearer to the pleasures of Spring, and gives us hope of time approaching, in which we may live more freely, and contemplate nature with more satisfaction and joy. This sweet expectation is almost the only one which does not deceive us, being founded on the inviolable laws of nature. The charms of hope are felt in every heart without distinction; for the beggar, as well as the monarch, may behold the Spring approach with joy, and promise himself in it the enjoyment of pleasures. This hope is not attended with impatience, because it extends far, and takes in a multitude of objects.

The coming of Spring procures us a thousand new pleasures. The beauty and perfume of the flowers; the singing of the birds; the verdant foliage, and the springing grain.

Most earthly hopes are attended with anxieties: But that of Spring is as satisfactory as it is innocent and pure; for nature seldom deceives us. On the contrary, her presents generally surpass our expectations, in number, magnificence and quality. Encouraged by the hope of Spring, we have patiently borne the inconvenience of cold and bad weather; many are now on the point of seeing that hope abundantly realized. A few more disagreeable days and the sky will become serene, the air milder; the sun will revive nature, and the earth will resume its ornaments.

O most-merciful God! I return thee thanks for those sources of joy and comfort which thou hast opened to us, to soften the trials of life. I bless thee for every ray of hope which has animated my soul, for every blessing already received, and for all those reserved for me hereafter.

A M U S I N G.

ON THE WORD ADDRESS.

Mr. Editor—There is a particular propensity inherent in us all, the effects of which are the same, but the mode of application extremely dissimilar, and which may be known by the general term of ADDRESS. The address of an old man consists in persuading his mistress he is young, and that of a youth insinuating that he has arrived at the age of secrecy and maturity. A sharper has attained the height of his wishes if he has the address to pass, in the opinion of the world, for an honest man; and the latter is often suspected of being otherwise, if he displays too much address. Modest women frequently are mistaken for courtezans, by affecting their address; neither is Cyprian qualified to succeed in her profession, until she has acquired the seeming address of innocence. A creditor displays his address in discovering the address of his debtor; and the address of a debtor consists in cautiously concealing his address from his creditor.

SOON after captain (now admiral) Cornwallis succeeded to the command of the Canada, on the resignation of Sir George Collier, and was at sea, a mutiny broke out in the ship, on account of some accidental delay in the clerk's paying some of the ship's company; in consequence of which they all signed what they termed a *Round Robin*, wherein they declared to a man, that they would not fight a gun until they were paid. Captain Cornwallis, on the receipt of this, had the crew piped upon deck, and thus laconically harangued them—"My lads, the money cannot be paid until we return into

port; and as to your *not fighting*, I'll clap you along the first large ship of the enemy's I see; when the d—l himself can't keep you from it." The Jacks were so tickled with this warlike compliment, that they one and all returned to their duty, better satisfied then if they had been paid the money they demanded ten times over.

A few years since, as a Clergyman in company with some other gentlemen, were crossing Connecticut river, on the ice, the ice gave way and threatened them with an immersion—the Clergyman was exceedingly frightened and immediately turned pale, they however reached the shore safe, when one of the gentlemen expressed his surprise that so good and so eminent a man as the Rev. Mr. S. should show so much pusillanimity upon so slight an emergency. "Ah!" said the Rev. Sir, "I cannot be reconciled, to go to heaven by water."

Lancaster, April 25, 1804.

May heav'n propitious ev'ry ill repress,
Each year encrease their mutual happiness;
May purest joys on all their lives attend,
And all their virtues to their race descend.

MARRIED, on Tuesday, the 17th instant, by the Rev. Nathaniel W. Sample, Mr. Daniel Rhea, of Franklin county, to Miss Nancy Lyon, of Leacock township, in this county.

—, on Thursday, the 19th instant, in this place, by the Rev. John Slemons, of Maryland, Mr. Reuben Marsh, to Miss Ann Barkman, daughter of Mr. John Barkman, of this county.

—, on the same day, by the Rev. Nathan Greer, Mr. Isaac Smith, of Little-Brandywine, to Miss Margaret Fleming, sister-in-law of Amos Slaymaker, Esq.

—, at Poughkeepsie, (N. Y.) Master Peter I. Stoutenburgh, aged sixteen, to Miss Polly Briggs, aged fourteen.

"There was a little man, and he woo'd a little maid,
"And he said, little maid will you wed, wed, wed."

—, at Hartland, (Vermont) Mr. John Huntington, aged forty-five, to Miss Laura Burbank, aged fifteen.

What is the fleeting life of mortal man?
Its date extended, measures but a span:
A vapour! toss'd about by ev'ry breath,
A nothing! such is man the sport of time & death.

DIED, on Wednesday, the 18th instant, in the 61st year of his age, Mr. John Wentz, of this borough. On the day following, his remains were deposited in the German Presbyterian burial-ground, attended by a numerous concourse of weeping relatives and friends.

—, in this borough, on Thursday last, after a short illness, Mrs. Susanna Edwards, aged 65 years; and her remains were deposited in the Moravian burial-ground, on the Saturday following. The high estimation in

which the deceased was held, by those who knew her, was evinced by the large number of respectable persons that attended her funeral; notwithstanding the heavy rain which fell, without intermission, during the whole afternoon. [Intel.]

—, on the 11th instant, at Pittsburg, Mr. John Hamsher, coppersmith, formerly of this place.

—, on the 16th instant, at Harrisburg, William Maclay, Esq. late a Member of the House of Representatives, of this State, from Dauphin county.

Longevity.—A man died lately in Lithuania, 160 years old. At the age of 89 he took a second wife—a girl of 15!

At Brussels, a girl, fourteen years of age, has been delivered of three children, two are as white as snow, and the third as black as a negro.

A duel has been fought at Savannah, originating in an affront that arose at a ball in consequence of a dispute between two young ladies for the upper place in a country dance. The affair was terminated by one of the parties being shot through the heart.

New Names.—The blacks of St. Domingo have changed its name to that of *Haiti*, the original name of the island.

It is proposed, in an English paper, to alter the name of *Ireland*, to that of *West-Britain*.

The southern papers mention that Monsieur Jerome Bonaparte, brother of the First Consul of France, who lately married a lady of fortune in Baltimore, gives and receives visits, in the true style of French levity.—Monsieur and Madam see company in the morning, in their bed-chamber, before they rise, and return the compliment in the same manner to their visitors. This is innovation indeed; a species of *politesse*, not likely to be relished by the generality of our plain bred Americans. We have always understood it to be the conduct of a real gentleman, to assimilate his manners to those of the people where he sojourns, rather than to endeavor to introduce his own notions of etiquette among them. The purity of American manners is decreasing fast enough, in all conscience, without the aid of his consular majesty's brother, Monsieur Jerome!

A few weeks since, a party of Indians belonging to the Shawnese tribe, came to this place, for the purpose of placing several of their children to school. There is no circumstance, perhaps, which discovers the disposition of these savages to cultivate a friendly and peaceable correspondence with the whites, and to preserve that harmony with which a few years ago it was difficult to inspire them. [Lexington paper.]

POETRY.

THE CONVICT.

By Wordsworth—author of the Female Vagrant, &c.

THE glory of evening was spread thro' the west,
—On the slope of a mountain I stood,
While the joy that precedes the calm season of rest
Rang loud through the meadow and wood.

"And must we then part from a dwelling so fair?"
In the pain of my spirit I said;
And with a deep sadness I turned, to repair
To the cell where the convict is laid.

The thick ribbed walls that o'ershadow the gate
Resound; and the dungeons unfold:
I pause; and at length, thro' the glimmering grate
The outcast of pity behold.

His black matted head on his shoulder is bent,
And deep is the sigh of his breath,
And with steadfast dejection his eyes are intent
On the fetters that link him to death.

'Tis sorrow enough on that visage to gaze,
That body dismiss'd from his care;
Yet my fancy has pierc'd to his heart, and portrays
More terrible images there.

His bones are consumed, and his life-blood is dried
With wishes the past to undo; [sried,
And his crime, thro' the pains that o'erwhelm him, de-
Still blackens and grows on his view.

When from the dark synod or blood-reeking field,
To his chamber the monarch is led,
All soothers of scenes their soft virtue shall yield,
And quietness pillow his head.

But if grief, self-consumed, in oblivion would doze,
And conscience her tortures appease,
'Mid tumult and uproar this man must repose
In the comfortless vault of disease!

When his fetters at night have so press'd on his limbs
That the weight can no longer be borne,
If, while a half-slumber his memory bedims,
The wretch on his pallet should turn,—

While the jail mastiff howls at the dull clanking chain,
From the roots of his hair there shall start
A thousand sharp punctures of cold-sweating pain,
And terror shall leap at his heart.

But now he half-raises his deep-sunken eye,
And the motion unsettles a tear;
The silence of sorrow it seems to supply,
And asks of me, why I am here?

"Poor victim! no idle intruder has stood [pare;
"With o'erweening complacence our state to com-
"But one, whose first wish is the wish to be good,
"Is come as a brother thy sorrows to share.

"At thy name though compassion her nature resign,
"Tho' in virtue's proud mouth thy report be a stain,
"My care, if the arm of the mighty were mine,
"Would plant thee where yet thou might'st blos-
som again." —

Verses on S— G—'s coming of age.

LONG expected one and twenty,
Ling'ring year, at length is flown;
Pride and pleasure, pomp and plenty,
Great S— G—, are now your own.

Loosen'd from the minor's tether,
Free to mortgage or to sell;
Wild as wind, and light as feather,
Bid the sons of thrift farewell.

Call the Betsies, Kates and Jennies,
All the names that banish care,
Lavish of your father's guineas,
Shew the spirit of an heir.

All that prey on vice or folly,
Joy to see their quarry fly;
Here the gamester light and jolly,
There the lender grave and sly.

Wealth, my lad, was made to wander,
Let it wander as it will;
Call the jockey, call the pander,
Bid them come and take their fill.

When the boyish pride carouses,
Pockets full, and spirits high;—
What are acres? what are houses?
Only dirt, or wet or dry.

Should the guardian, friend, or mother,
Tell the woes of wilful waste;
Scorn their council, scorn their pother—
You can hang or drown at last!

*The following lines from an old English writer,
will cause the reader to smile.*

I NEVER yet could see that face
Which had no dart for me,
From fifteen years to fifty pace,
They 'all victorious be.

Colour or shape, good limbs or face,
Goodness, or wit, in all I find,
In motion or in speech, or grace,
If all fail, yet 'tis womankind.

If tall, the name of proper slays;
If fair, she's pleasant as the light—
If low, her prettiness does please,
If black, what lover loves not night.

The fat, like plenty, fills my heart,
The lean, with love makes me so too;
If straight, her body's Cupid's dart,
To me, if crooked, 'tis lis bow.

Thus, with unwearied wings, I flee
Through all love's gardens and his fields;
And, like the wise, industrious bee,
No weed but honey to me yields.

[The following beautiful lines are extracted
from the Port Folio. We trust the read-
ers of THE HIVE will receive a satisfaction
in perusing them, equal to that which
have had in selecting them.]

YOUNG damsels, improve well the favorite season
When youth and gay spirits you have in full store
If love's not illum'd by a spark dropt from reason
You can't gather grapes when the vintage is o'er
Should your swain but betray by a glance or confession
That you are the object he'll ever adore;
If you let others know, and deride the impression
Adieu to the grapes for the vintage is o'er.

When love, by his pow'r, o'er the heart of your lover
When as timid he wishes his vows forth to pour
You must seize the soft moment your love to disclose
Or else look for grapes when the vintage is o'er

But be coy, ye young handmaids, when those in high
station,
Do pour forth their love, and your pity implore,
If you guide not your hearts by the rein of discretion
You may look for grapes when the vintage is o'er

Distrust too, those triflers, who flutter around you
Who want most your cash, or who wish nothing
more;
If they find this to fail, they'll no longer attend you
But let you seek grapes when the vintage is o'er

Ye widows, when lovers are soft and submissive
You may doubt which they want most—yourself or
your store;
As soon as they're masters, you may be quite passive
They'll let you seek grapes when the vintage is o'er

LOVE AND FOLLY.

LOVE and FOLLY were at play,
Both too wanton to be wise;
They fell out, and in the fray,
FOLLY put out CUPID's eyes.

Straight the criminal was tried;
Had his punishment assign'd;
FOLLY should to LOVE be tied,
And condemn'd to lead the blind.

TERMS OF THE HIVE.

To town subscribers, and country sub-
scribers who receive their papers in town,
TWO DOLLARS per annum—payable in half-
yearly advances.

To those who receive them by the Mail,
TWO DOLLARS—payable in advance.

Complete files, from No. 1, may be
had on application.

Printing elegantly and promptly executed
at The Hive office.—Orders solicited.

LANCASTER, (Penn.)

PRINTED BY

CHARLES M'DOWELL,

AT THE SIGN OF THE "BEE-HIVE," IN
EAST KING-STREET.